LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.] *Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, July* 1, 1807. [No. 22.

SELECTIONS.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF MR. FOX.

[*Continued from page* 83.]

Returned to England, Mr. Fox was, when under twenty-one years of age, admitted into the Houſe of Commons, as repreſentative for the borough of Midhurſt. The expectations formed from his talents cauſed this irregularity to be overlooked; and thus was he placed in the very poſt of honor, in the very pathway of ambition. At a time of life when others are ſuppoſed to have acquired barely wiſdom enough to govern themſelves, he was underſtood to have ſufficient to govern the nation. And he meant that his governing ſpirit ſhould be known: unuſed to meet rebuffs, he thundered at thoſe who oppoſed him, ſtood forward as the champion of miniſtry, vindicated the famous election of Col. Luttrell for Middleſex, and derided Johnny Wilkes and his partiſans, with all the powers of his lungs, laughter, and eloquence. Never will the exceſs in which he indulged himſelf, never will the appellation "ſcum of the earth," which he liberally beſtowed on the freeholders of Middleſex, be forgotten. In return, he was told, that the *ſcum* would ever be uppermoſt, that the "Young Cub," was not yet Old Reynard, and that French taylors never made Engliſh ſtateſmen. His family intereſt, and his perſonal talents procured him a ſeat at the board of Admiralty; he was here a junior, but being denied the influence of a ſenior, he reſigned in diſguſt: he was a ſecond time appointed, but was now removed to the treaſury, where he differed in opinion with the premier, and was diſmiſſed. He could not preſide, and he would not ſubmit; but being reſtive his name was *omitted*, in Lord North's phraſe, from a new commiſſion for managing that department of ſtate. He was now about 25 years of age: extremely corpulent in perſon: notorious for his amours, addicted to the extremes of what was called faſhion: and he even diſgraced the honeſt plainneſs of the Engliſh character by the coxcombry of wearing *red* heels to his ſhoes, with every other mark of the *petit maitre*:

Bien poudré, bien friſé, tout à fait un Marquis.

His time was devoted to the gaming-table; he played at the clubs, till credit was baniſhed, and *ready money* was enacted to be *indiſpenſable*. His connexions were extenſive among the money-lending Jews; and when the old arts of obtaining were exhauſted, his ingenuity in deviſing new, was the admiration of his aſſociates. Ever forward, the leader, the head, the precurſor of his companions, he was diſtinguiſhed no leſs by the intrepidity of his career, than by the ſuperiority of his intellect.

But the ſuperiority of his intellect did not always ſecure Mr. Fox from being a dupe to the arts of others; report attached to him the incident of having deſigned to repair his ruined fortunes, by marriage with a Weſt-Indian lady of immenſe value! pointed out to him by a kind lady-guardian, but, unluckily, *not viſible today!* His benevolent introductreſs hoped for better fortune on the morrow; on the morrow he was again at his poſt, "tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow," but, an unwelcome inflammation in the eyes! rendered an interview impoſſible. This deluſion was at length diſſipated by the officers of juſtice recognizing an old acquaintance in the lady who *was* viſible, and who, it afterwards appeared, under the ſanction of intimacy among the nobility, "witneſs a certain chariot which might be ſeen in attendance, day after day, for hours together, at her reſidence," had advertiſed "Places at Court to be diſpoſed of." A ſcene in a comedy of Foote's commemorates this incident.

Being diſmiſſed from the treaſury, Mr. Fox entered the liſts of oppoſition; and here he ſoon was leader. His talents were of the firſt order in debate; he excelled every ſpeaker in diſcovering the weakneſſes of his antagoniſt's arguments. He could ſet the miniſter's propoſitions in ſo many different lights, gradually deprive them of what reaſonings they might juſtly claim: ſupply them with ſuppoſitious arguments, confute theſe, and ſo thoroughly embarraſs the whole that the miniſter could ſcarcely recogniſe his own offſpring, ſwaddled as it was in the envelope with which Mr. Fox had diſguiſed it. It was now that among the opponents of the American war, Mr. Fox acquired popularity; and he deſerved it, if unwearied efforts, unlimited vehemence of debate, and a manly ſoundneſs of judgment, could deſerve it: but he paſſed many years in attack before the fortreſs of government ſubmitted to the beſiegers. Lord North was, certainly, not the miniſter required by the times in which it was his lot to conduct the ſtate: yet the violence of Mr. Fox rendered it unſafe for Lord North to reſign, and he held his ſituation, not ſo much to deſpite his antagoniſt as to ſecure himſelf. But the defences of miniſtry were gradually weakened, till at length the oppoſition became the ſtronger party, and the leaders of the *cuts* burſt into the Cabinet. Mr. Fox was appointed Secretary of State, and found the advantage of an early acquaintance with buſineſs: he conducted the affairs of his office with dignity and deſpatch. The death of the Marquis of Rockingham was a mean of diſſolving this miniſtry, and the reins of government were committed to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lanſdowne. Mr. Fox went out; but quickly forming the famous coalition with Lord North, whoſe principles he had formerly reprobated, without modeſty or reſervation, and whoſe head he had repeatedly threatened in the moſt opprobious terms, he again roſe to power. But the ſpirit of the Britiſh nation was offended; this union of parties, formerly ſo embittered againſt each other, was thought to be unnatural; and the opinion, or rather, the feeling of the people abhorred the connexion. Senſible that he was not now the man of the people, neither was he truly the man of the King, he meditated a continuation in power independent of both people and King, and ſuch, it is probable, would have been the iſſue had his famous India bill become a law: the additional patronage which that included, would have been the impregnable bulwark of his permanence. We pretend not to know in what light he deſcribed this bill to his Majeſty; but it is certain that other of his Majeſty's friends deſcribed it very differently, and the bill was ſtifled in the Houſe of Lords in a manner entirely unuſual. In the event, the King threw himſelf on his people, his people ſupported their King; and the parliament, then governed by Mr. Fox, was almoſt wholly renovated. Mr. Fox and his fellow miniſters having reſigned, of courſe, he reſumed his ſtation at the head of the oppoſition. Here he did many eſſential ſervices to his country; ſome propoſitions he cauſed to be new modified: ſome few he happily ſet aſide, and many a hint which induced caution, if nothing more, did Mr. Pitt receive from his acute diſcrimination. On the queſtion of the regency, the opinion of the public was with Mr. Pitt: and the doctrines of Mr. Fox were not popular in the nation. Mr. Fox varied them once or twice, by which he loſt time; and never was any man more completely a dupe to his own artifice, than he was in propoſing a reexamination of the Royal Patient by the conſulting phyſicians. The loſs of this opportunity was the loſs of the whole object; time was gained; the Royal Patient recovered, to the infinite joy of his ſubjects, whoſe ſteady conduct during the painful interval ought never to be mentioned without applauſe, and to the diſappointment, ſo far as their admiſſion to power was in queſtion, of Mr. Fox and his friends who had indulged expectations.

Mr. Fox diſplayed his good opinion of the French revolution without reſerve, in its earlieſt ſtages; he even ventured to predict glorious events as ariſing from it: but events diſcredited his predictions, and there

can be no doubt that he felt much regret at the character which that ſanguinary convulſion afterwards aſſumed. His quarrel with Mr. Burke, in conſequence of his ſeparation from that political father, muſt, unqueſtionably, have been painful; for Mr. Fox, tho' ambitious, had not ſuffered ambition to deſtroy the ſentiments of friendſhip. Mr. B. maintained a hauteur which affected a ſuperiority over his friend, and effectually precluded their reconciliation. Mr. Fox took occaſion, after a long conteſt with Mr. Pitt, as he ſaid, fruitleſsly, to ſecede from his place in the Houſe: this ſtep has been loudly blamed: certainly it ſhowed that he thought little of the importance attached to a member of the *Wittenagemote* of the country, wherein no individual can tell what importance may ariſe out of his advice and opinion. But this ſeceſſion was preciſely in character for a man who affected the power of a dictator, and becauſe he could not dictate would not condeſcend to adviſe. Whether Mr. Fox might have come into office when Mr. Pitt went out, and the preſent Lord Sidmouth became miniſter, or at *any time ſince*, we cannot affirm. Perhaps the terms that were offered were unfit for his acceptance: perhaps he could not conſiſtently with his veracity and honor accept them: be that as it might, his way to power was not clear till death had deprived the country of Mr. Pitt's ſervices: when the Prince of Wales in recommending a miniſterial arrangement, included Mr. Fox. He held the place of Secretary of State for a few months, and was barely ſettled in office when he died.

In eſtimating the character of a miniſter, the good he has done muſt guide our opinion, but the character of an oppoſitioniſt muſt be eſtimated by the evil he has prevented: always provided that the meaſures purſued to effect that prevention be legal and commendable. How far this proviſo applies to the miſſion of Mr. Adair into Ruſſia for the purpoſe of counteracting Mr. Pitt's negociations there, we cannot tell. The whole of the facts in that caſe are not before the public. We have already ſtated that the advantages which the nation in a domeſtic point of view derived from the oppoſition of Mr. Fox, were conſiderable; and the liberal principles which he profeſſed in religion, in trade, &c. procured him many adherents. Nor was he deſtitute of friends; and when his circumſtances were reduced beyond recovery, a number of theſe effected an unſaleable annuity on his life, which rendered his latter days comfortable.

Mr. Fox was allied by birth, or by connexion, with many of our nobleſt families: but his character was formed by himſelf, and by circumſtances. His father had been an opponent of Wm. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, and this oppoſition deſcended to their ſons.

Each of the fathers, too, had trained up his ſon with unlimited attention and expenſe, had infuſed the principles of ambition in their ſtrongeſt forms into his youthful mind, had prepared him for the high ſtation he was intended to occupy, and thus neither could bear a rival. *Aut Cæſar aut nullus* was the motto which each might have adopted;—but Mr. Fox was not deſtined to be Cæſar.

Had Lord Holland been a popular character inſtead of being branded and petitioned againſt as a "public defaulter;" had his ſon been introduced much later into public life, had he tempered his vivacity by ſober reflection, inſtead of heating his blood by liquors, and his mind by the chances of the dice; had he taken his due ſtation at firſt, inſtead of inſiſting on guiding affairs before he was well acquainted with them, and had he waited till experience had qualified him in the eyes of others as well as in his own, Mr. Fox MUST have been the firſt man in the ſtate, and probably would have ſhone in the pages of our hiſtory, with a ſteady illumination of glory, not unequal to that of our moſt honored Stateſmen.

Thoſe talents would have been developed in the man, which could only be budding in the youth: and who was bound to ſubmit to embryo abilities? If ever there was a character thrown away in early life, by being prematurely urged into publicity, Charles Fox was that character: if ever the moſt valuable gifts of nature were rendered unavailing by notorious diſſipation, and want of morals, they were thoſe beſtowed on Charles Fox: if ever any ambition was conſtantly deluded by hope, but hope, evaneſcent and fleeting, it was the ambition of this eminent ſtateſman: he was permitted to touch authority but not to graſp it: he wore it for an inſtant, but could not call it his own; and when, apparently, he might have continued to enjoy it, he was ſeated in office, not to give importance to his life, but dignity to his death: his friends were called to lament his loſs, while his country looking wiſtfully around for the ſervices he had performed, reſted her hopes on thoſe which ſhe gave him credit for the ability of performing.

Virtue, necessary to happiness.

IF men, formed by education and enlightened by experience, men whoſe obſervations of the world cannot but have ſhewn them the neceſſity of virtue, and who are able to diſcover the enormity of wickedneſs by tracing its original, and purſuing its conſequences, can fall before ſuch temptations, and, in oppoſition to knowledge and conviction, prefer, to the happineſs of pleaſing God, the flatteries of dependants, or the ſmiles of power; what may not be expected from him who is puſhed forward into ſin by the impulſe of poverty, who lives in continual want of what he ſees waſted by thouſands in negligent extravagance, and whoſe pain is every moment aggravated by the contempt of thoſe whom nature has ſubjected to the ſame neceſſities with himſelf, and who are only his ſuperiors by that wealth which they know not how to poſſeſs with moderation or decency?

How ſtrongly may ſuch a man be tempted to declare war upon the proſperous and the great! With what obſtinacy and fury may he ruſh on from one outrage to another, impelled on one part by the preſſure of neceſſity, and attracted on the other by the proſpect of happineſs; of happineſs, which he ſees ſufficient to elevate thoſe that poſſeſs it above the conſideration of their own nature, and to turn them away from their own fleſh; that happineſs, which appears greater by being compared with his own miſery, and which he admires the more becauſe he cannot approach it. He that finds in himſelf every natural power of enjoyment, will envy the tables of the luxurious, and the ſplendor of the proud; he who feels the cold of nakedneſs, and the faintneſs of hunger, cannot but be provoked to ſnatch that bread which is devoured by exceſs, and that raiment which is only worn as the decoration of vanity. Reſentment may eaſily combine with want, and incite him to return neglect with violence.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

The influence of manners and customs on society, in its progressive state.

MANNERS and cuſtoms conſidered in their wideſt extent, have an intimate relation with every inſtitution and every member of civil ſociety; they have a reciprocal influence upon each other and a mutual influence on ſociety in its riſe, progreſs, and decay. We may trace this influence through all the gradations of human confederacy, from the earlieſt and rudeſt ſtages, to thoſe of the greateſt perfection; and in whatever ſtate of exaltation or debaſement we conſider mankind, we ſhall find changes in cuſtoms and in the opinions of right and wrong, rapidly purſued by changes in government and law, in literature and trade, in ſplendor and refinement.

In a ſtate of natural ſociety, we find men almoſt invariably, wild, barbarous, and rough, bold, vigorous, perſevering, deſpiſing the arts of civil life, fit for daring enterpriſe, and in continual preparation for action. Force of mind, a ſpirit of revenge, a contempt of reflection, of danger, and of death, are likewiſe, diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of uncivilized nations. Their cuſtoms are few, and thoſe of the athletic kind; conſiſting chiefly of hunting, fiſhing, the war-dance, and a few ſavage rites of a religious nature. The operation and tendency of theſe notions and uſages are uniformly the ſame; under their influence, men are almoſt ſolely addicted to war and tumult, and are utterly unſkilled in any art, but that of devaſtation and ſlaughter. They are incapable of any conſiderable efforts, except in achievements of perſonal enterpriſe; arts, literature, ſcience, are words, whoſe ſignification is entirely unknown; and they are animated by the ſame deſolating ſpirit in pulling down the faireſt

monuments of human wiſdom, and laying waſte the bulwarks of an enemy. But in order to diſcover the greateſt effect which manners and cuſtoms have upon ſociety, we muſt view mankind at that period, when they have loſt the original ſimplicity, which often accompanies a ſtate of nature, but have not yet ariſen to that ſenſe of propriety, and dignity of conduct, which are harbingers of elegance and refinement. Many of the faculties of the mind now begin to unfold, and ſpringing forth into a thouſand directions, gather in their wild and unguided flights, an infinite variety of abſurd notions and ſuperſtitious ceremonies.

Such were the *feudal ages* of Europe; and in reviewing the hiſtory of thoſe periods of darkneſs, the mind of man is filled with aſtoniſhment and horror, at the baſeneſs and depravity of the human ſpecies. Religion conſiſted, merely in believing the legendary tales and meagre ballads of thoſe impious wretches of folly and fanaticiſm, who under the title of prieſts and ſaints crouded and diſgraced almoſt every nation. A ſpirit for celibacy, ſolitude, and monaſtic life, which is at once, ruinous to population, to ſocial harmony and intercourſe, and to national ſtrength and grandeur, raged every where with violence. It was at this time likewiſe, that the filthy and loathſome contents of every jail, and the carcaſſes which eſcaped alive from the gallows,—thieves, robbers, murderers, might expiate their offences, and waſh away the pollution of a whole life of ſin, by a ſingle pilgrimage, on a voluntary corporal infliction, and no one ſuppoſed himſelf ſo heavily laden with iniquity, but that he might eaſily throw off the burden by travelling alone, and barefoot, and in a boiſterous ſeaſon, over the rocks and mountains to Jeruſalem, or by paying his devotions at the ſhrine of St. Paul and St. Peter.

Many other notions and practices of equal abſurdity, ſuch as appeals to heaven, judicial combats, trials by fire and water, might here be mentioned, that fatal tendency of which may readily be gathered, both from the nature of things and the appearances of the times.

Light and literature were at this time, baniſhed from the earth; the arts both of elegance and uſe were deemed childiſh and effeminate; trade and commerce were carried on by low cunning and piracy; logical reaſoning was overwhelmed in the mazes and the quibbles of the ſchoolmen; and philoſophy and aſtronomy were ſuperſeded by aſtrology, divination, and witchcraft. Yet we may obſerve in the rude ſpirit of the times, the origin of certain inſtitutions, which aided by adventitious cauſes, tended directly to eradicate the prevailing ſentiments and prejudices, and thus to forward ſociety towards a ſtate of eminence and perfection. Of this deſcription was the inſtitution of chivalry; which although generally conſidered as founded on madneſs and deluſion, the effects of caprice, and the ſource of every extravagance, had a very ſerious influence in raiſing Europe from a ſtate of perpetual war, anarchy, and rapine. A few friends who yet lingered in the cauſe of humanity and virtue, erected this fabric on the broad and ſolid baſis of valor, courteſy, juſtice and honor. It was the characteriſtic principle of a virtuous knight, to ſhelter the diſtreſſed, to check the inſolence of oppreſſion, to break the fetters of the captive, and above all, to fight the battles of the fair, whom he ſuppoſed were always under the immediate guardianſhip of his valiant arm. The uncourteous knight, who ſallied from his caſtle to commit depredation on the traveller, or to violate female modeſty or virtue, was looked upon with perpetual indignation, and hunted down and deſtroyed without trial or appeal. If we view knight-errandry in this light, and do not form our opinion, from the fallen and mouldering and mutilated ruins, from which have ariſen the haggard forms of *modern honor*, and *modern gallantry*, we muſt conſider it pure in its origin and important in its effects. Thus manners and cuſtoms have either a more immediate and perceptible, or a more remote and ſlighter influence on ſociety in its progreſſive ſtate; and as they advance improvement, men become mild and temperate in their diſpoſitions, enemies to diſorder and vice, fit members of ſociety, and fit ſubjects of government.

But ſtill there is a point of exaltation, at which human affairs begin to take a retrograde direction; there is an eminence of national proſperity and glory, at which vice and corruption generally creep in, and give nations a downward progreſſion. Luxury, which in a certain degree, imparts ſtrength, activity and elegance, now becomes a loathſome, bloated, and deadly carcaſe; and every nation that receives it in this form of peſtilence and pollution, admits the wooden horſe within her walls, which will inevitably prove her deſtruction.

History, Nature and Dignity of MUSIC.

(Concluded from page 82.)

THE higheſt dignity of man conſiſts in worſhipping the Deity; it is the great deſign of his exiſtence; in competition with which, all other employments dwindle to mere trifles. The moſt exalted part of divine worſhip is chanting the Almighty's praiſe in ſtrains of elevated devotion.

—How dignified then is muſic!

In eulogizing the excellence of muſic, we ought not to paſs over its advantages in ſocial life. How pleaſing is a little family concert, inſpired by that brotherly love which conſtitutes the baſis of ſublunary enjoyment. The affections are ſoftened, the heart is purified, and every corroſive principle baniſhed the hoſpitable manſion. The tender parent feels the harmony mixing in his boſom from the voices of his children, in perfect uniſon with his affections; while the ſoft vibration of the piano-forte, guitar and violin, add a rich ſeaſoning to complete the delicious feaſt. If ſorrow invade, the ſolemn dirge opens the ſluices of the ſoul, and the ſwoln boſom is eaſed of its fermenting burthen.—See the Saviour of man, in his little family, ſetting the example:—"After they had eaten the paſſover, the evening he was betrayed, they ſang an hymn."

The advantages of muſical ſocieties are innumerable: they have the moſt immediate tendency to promote a proper kind of friendly intercourſe between neighbors, and abſolutely prevent every ſpecies of evil conſequence which might otherwiſe intrude. Improvement is the certain effect, not only in muſic, but in moſt other ſocial accompliſhments. Such ſocieties are richly worthy the patronage of the great and good, both in church and ſtate; for they not only teach us to praiſe God with the underſtanding as well as the ſpirit, but are perfectly congenial with the nature of our glorious conſtitution.

There is a kind of inſtinctive inſpiration, in the minds of all mankind, which teacheth them to place the perfection of muſic beyond the limits of this diſcordant ſtate. The poor Pagan ſings his oriſons to the riſing ſun, and fancies himſelf in the regions of unclouded day, unſullied light, and increaſing ſong. The Mahometan decorates his ſenſual paradiſe with groves of unfading green, fanned by Zephyrs of breathing harmony. And St. John himſelf, in the finiſhing ſtroke of his ſublime deſcription of the New-Jeruſalem, gives us an Anthem from the whole hoſt of Heaven—"Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope that *Quispiam* will not diſcontinue his correſpondence.

NUMA is ſententious, and by no means unintereſting or void of energy. If we miſtake not, we recognize in him, one of our poetic friends. In whatever garb he may wiſh to appear, we ſhall, at all times, receive him.

HORATIO will accept our acknowledgments for his poetic effuſion on *Home*, which we ſhall with pleaſure inſert in the columns of the Tablet.

EXTRACTS.

Nothing can be more vain than the courting of popular applauſe, if we conſider the emptineſs of the ſound, the precarious tenure, the little judgment of thoſe that give it us, and the narrow compaſs it is confined to. —Worldly glory ends with the world; and, for what concerns us, the world ends with our lives. What have we to be proud of? Are not all things periſhable?—The time of flouriſhing pride is ſoon over, and our little greatneſs is loſt in eternity.

—

Slanderers are like flies; they leap over all a man's good parts, to light upon his ſores —They as much envy others a good name, as they want it themſelves; and perhaps that is the reaſon of it.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

INSTABILITY OF GRANDEUR.

ALONG the banks of Tyber's flood,
Where once the world's proud miſtreſs ſtood,
A pilgrim's wandering feet had ſtray'd,
While the whole ſcene his eye ſurvey'd.

"Here once" he ſaid "fair ſcience ſhone,
Here ſhe erected high, her throne;
O'er freedom's ſons ſhe wav'd her wand,
Spread her mild influence through the land.

Oft India's ſpice perfum'd theſe ſhores,
Oft roll'd theſe waters with incumbent ſtores,
Commerce ſpread wide, her flowing ſail,
Brought hither wealth on every gale.

The friend, the patriot, hero, ſage,
The unſullied glory of their age,
Dared the rights of man proclaim,
—For public good,—not for a name.

Here eloquence herſelf in Tully roſe,
Broke down Rome's factions and her foes;
Here Cæſar, greateſt of the great,
Bound with honor's wreaths oft ſate.

But ah! no more, thy eagle ſoars
From Afric's ſands to Britain's ſhores;
Miſtreſs of earth, thy glaſs is run,
Thy glory and thy grandeur gone.

Thy ſtateſmen in the duſt are laid,
Freedom's baniſh'd, and her vot'ries fled;
Thy columns mouldering to decay,
A fallen pile of ruins lay.

Thus may we o'er the world ſurvey,
All human grandeur paſs away;
At old Time's imperious call,
Nations like the dew-drops fall.

Palmyra's domes no longer riſe;
Forgotten, Grecian glory lies;
On Balbec's plains, the midnight owl
Sits fearleſs, and fierce tygers howl."

FLAVIUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

The Gamekeeper's Return at Night.

BY S. E. BRYDGES, ESQ.

Thro' the long morning have I toil'd
O'er heath and lonely wood,
And croſs the dark untrodden glen
The fearful game purſu'd:
But deeper now the gathering clouds
Collect along the ſky,
And faint and weary warn my ſteps
Their homeward courſe to hie.

And now the driving miſt withdraws
Her grey and vapoury veil;
I mark again the ſacred tower
I paſs'd in yonder dale.
A little while, and I ſhall gain
Yon hill's laborious height;
And then perhaps my humble cot
Will cheer my grateful ſight.

Ah now I ſee the ſmoke aſcend
From forth the glimmering thatch:
Now my heart beats at every ſtep,
And now I lift the latch;
Now ſtarting from my blazing hearth
My little children bound,
And loud with ſhrill and clamorous joy
Their happy ſire ſurround.

How ſweet when Night firſt wraps the world
Beneath her ſable veſt,
To ſit beſide the crackling fire,
With weary limbs at reſt;
And think on all the labours paſt,
That Morn's bright hours employ'd,
While all, that toil and danger ſeem'd,
Is now at home enjoy'd.

The wild and fearful diſtant ſcene,
Lone covert, whiſtling ſtorm,
Seem now in Memory's mellowing eye
To wear a ſofter form;
And while my wand'rings I deſcribe,
As froths the nut-brown ale,
My dame and little liſt'ning tribe
With wonder hear the tale.

Then ſoft enchanting ſlumbers calm,
My heavy eyelids cloſe,
And on my humble bed I ſink
To moſt profound repoſe;
Save, that by fits, the ſcenes of day
Come glancing on my ſight,
And, touch'd by Fancy's magic wand,
Seems viſions of delight.

TOMORROW.

A bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on ſhore,
All loſt ſave my ſpirit and honour;
No choice being left but to take to the oar,
I've engag'd in the Mars, Captain 'Connor:

But tho' the wind calls me, ſome few words to ſay
To Polly theſe moments I borrow;
For ſorely ſhe'll grieve that I leave her to-day,
And muſt ſail on the ſalt ſeas tomorrow.

Nay weep not; tho' Fortune her ſmile now denies,
Time may ſoften the gipſey's diſpleaſure;
Perhaps ſhe may throw in my way ſome rich prize,
And ſend me home loaded with treaſure.

If ſo lucky, oh! doubt not, without more delay,
Will I haſten to baniſh your ſorrow;
And bring back a heart which adores you to-day,
And will love you as dearly tomorrow.

But ah! the fond hopes may prove fruitleſs and vain,
Which my boſom now ventures to cheriſh:
In ſome perilous fight I may haply be ſlain,
Or o'erwhelm'd in the ocean may periſh.

Should ſuch be the fate of Poor Tom, deign to pay
To his loſs a fit tribute of ſorrow;
And ſometimes remember our parting today,
Should a wave be my coffin tomorrow.

THE GIPSEY WANDERER.

A Ballad, founded on a real Story.

'Twas night, and the Farmer, his fire-ſide near,
O'er a pipe quaff'd his ale ſtout and old;
The hinds were in bed, when a voice ſtruck his ear;
"Let me in, I beſeech you!" juſt ſo ran the prayer,
"Let me in—I am dying with cold!"

To his ſervant, the Farmer cried—"*Sue*, move thy feet
And admit the poor wretch from the ſtorm;
For our chimney will not loſe a jot of its heat,
Altho' the night wand'rer may find her a ſeat,
And beſide our wood embers grow warm."

At that inſtant a Gipſey Girl humble in ſpace,
Bent before him his pity to crave;
He, ſtartling, exclaim'd—"Wicked fiend, quit the place!
A parent's curſe light on the whole Gipſey race!
They have bow'd me almoſt to the grave!"

"Good ſir, as our tribe paſs'd the church yard below,
I juſt paus'd the TURF GRAVE to ſurvey:
I *fancied* the ſpot where my mother lies low,
When ſuddenly came on a thick fall of ſnow—
And I know not a ſtep of my way."

"This is craft, (cried the farmer) if I judge aright,
I ſuſpect thy curs'd gang may be near!
Thou wouldſt open the door to the ruffians of night?
Thy eyes o'er the plunder now rove with delight,
And on me with ſly treachery leer!"

With a ſhriek, on the floor the young *Gipſey Girl* fell:
"Help! (cried *Susan*) YOUR CHILD to upreat:
Your long *ſtolen child!*—ſhe remembers you well,
And the terrors and joys in her boſom which ſwell,
Are too much for nature to bear."

EPIGRAMS.

On Dean Swift's bequeathing his Fortune to build a Mad-house.

To madneſs, Swift bequeaths his whole eſtate;
Why ſhould we wonder? Swift is right in that:
For 'tis a rule, as all our lawyers know,
Men's fortune to the next of kin ſhould go,
And 'tis as ſure, unleſs old bards have ly'd,
Great wits and madneſs are moſt near ally'd.

While Joe moves all too quick or all too ſlow,
No hour of joy can be the hour of Joe;
But Nic, ſly rogue, is ne'er too ſlow nor quick,
The nick of time is ſtill the time of Nic.

HANOVER, (N. H.)
Published BY M. DAVIS.